

# LOOSE CAPE OF CREPE AND SERGE SPRING'S FASHION DECREE

## DAINTY LACE FROCKS FOR EVENING WEAR SEASON'S NEW VOGUE

Combs, Once Discreet Necessity Hidden Under Puff, Now Become Ornaments to Enhance Charms of Coiffure—Popularity of Blouses Renewed With Return of Tailored Suits. Bead Trimming the Thing for Afternoon and Dinner Gowns.

By FLORENCE GRIMES.

WASHINGTON in the springtime affords an ideal background for the fads and furbelows of fashion. The couturiers, like the gardeners, are unusually busy, for the Capital promises to be very gay this spring.

And above the hub-bub the voice of Dame Fashion proclaims that the cape will reign supreme.

No matter what its style, if it be a cape, it will be fashionable. In fact the more unusual the cape is the better will it be received. Afternoon capes, during the winter season were forsaken for the warmer coats that waylaid every stray zero breeze.

NOW that the weather is getting warmer and little blossoms are attracting notice along the Potomac, coats are not required to be comfortable. And so the loose full cape comes into its own. And when the breeze is balmy, what care we if our capes are not a protection. Indeed, some of the linings are so pretty that milady will, like the proverbial sailor, pray for a breeze.

We are going to see more and more and more charming women wrapped in light weight capes of crepe, fine serge and even lace. As the wheel of fashion revolves we witness new usages for different fabrics and this year favors lace. Some of the most fascinating formal lace costumes that I have seen also boast of a corresponding cape which is another proof that capes are undeniably *tres chic*. One very beautiful costume consisted of a silver gray crepe dinner gown lavishly embroidered with beads. The corresponding cape of gray silk lace was built up over georgette crepe and it was kept in place by a band of gray marabou forming a soft collar and banding at the bottom. Some modistes have predicted the death of fringe in fashionable circles but it is a persistent element of the mode and still lives. It appears now made of ribbozene and deep lengths of it provide an effective trimming on many of the capes I have seen in the shops.

IN the whole gamut of dresses for evening wear there is nothing more alluring than the lovely lace frocks that Dame Fashion presents, truly a relief after the long reign of severe gowns during the winter. Lace and net are combined in some charming imported models at the exclusive shop of Madame Ash. You cannot look far without noting the tinting of lace models. Most popular are the cream ivory, ecru and coffee shades all of which suggest the Old World flavor of antique lace. White evening gowns are popular and black and white is also affected. On one lovely dinner gown the sleeveless bodice is composed of genuine baby Irish lace. The skirt of white chiffon hangs in graceful draperies on the sides and front and back panels of black georgette embroidered in lines of white chalk beads present an unusual contrast. The popularity and real appeal of the lace gown is not to be doubted, and let us rejoice that becoming lace gowns are again proclaimed by the great arbiter, Fashion.

WITH the blossoms blooming everywhere, it is not surprising that they appear, too, on milady's head. The high comb reaching above the coiffure like a coronet is much in favor, and flowers on these high combs for formal evening wear make a very fashionable accessory. In the way women dress nowadays combs are no longer a discreet necessity hidden away if possible under a puff. Rather are they used as an ornament to enhance the charms of the coiffure.

At Emile's shop quite an unusual hair ornament is displayed. From a small shell comb pretty little blue and rose flowers with silver centers literally grow and wind in and out, forming a high ornament. Such an ornament would be particularly effective if worn with an evening gown with corresponding flowers. The fan combs with straw ribs are also very much in favor. In these the ribs are of dark shell built up on colored transparent substance. When the light shines through, the

effect of the dark ribs against the bright transparency is very pretty.

THE popular favor of tailored suits is never so great as in spring, and it brings with it a renewal of the popularity of blouses. They are in most cases of crepe adorned with lavish bead embroidery. The color of the blouse depends largely upon that of the suit and hat with which it is worn, and if the blouse is a gay color discretion would lead one to either wear a somber toque or one to match the blouse.

Canua is a popular color for blouses. One very attractive slip-over model displayed at M. Brooks & Co. follows the mode's decree and is resplendent with embroidery of steel and bugle beads in a border and yoke design. The beaded blouse, by the way, is favored by the matron, as it makes such a fitting complement to the spring suit.

ONE lady who is sadly neglected by dictators of fashion is she who cannot claim lithe slim lines as an asset but has on the other hand a plump figure and that sunny disposition that accompanies it. The latter certainly is a necessity especially when shopping in vain for a gown that gives a slim line instead of making one look stouter.

At Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., there has been installed a department for stout women with a specialist in charge. Here are gowns that are up-to-date and also suitable for the young girl as well as the matron as they are not prosaic and mature as are most of the gowns designed for stout figures.

Capes, however popular, should not be attempted by the short built woman nor by one who is very stout. A tall woman, however, even though she be somewhat stout, can wear a cape with a certain amount of grace.

A study of the lines of the figure results in costumes that give slim appearance by means of girdles placed at a low waist-line, panels and vertical trimmings that give the effect of length. One very smart cape costume is fashioned of black Roshanara crepe. The gray Canton crepe sleeves and bodice of the one-piece dress are effectively embroidered in a delicate change stitch design. A narrow girdle is placed at a low waist-line. The cape repeats the same contrast having a gray lining.

FOR the short figure there is the three-piece suit with one-piece dress and belted coat. The coat-dress, by the way is also very popular with stout women on account of its slim appearance. The afternoon and dinner gown depends upon bead trimming this season and many very attractive gowns with beautiful steel and jet trimming would even make the slim lady look with envy.

If those of us who are stout follow the rules of Dame Fashion; disregard flamboyant color combinations, avoid bloused waistlines, pass by the fabrics with large patterns and select the straight-line frock—it is a safe investment, may be fashionable too and braid or bead trimming will add an individual touch.

### French Girl Fights For Jockey License

PARIS, April 15.

THAT determined young lady, Mile. Fanny Heldy, is determined to get her jockey's license by hook or by crook. The French Jockey Club having refused her, she now intends to try her persuasive powers on the English Jockey Club.

Whether the English guardians of the turf will prove to be less conservative or to have softer hearts than their French brothers remains to be seen. All I know is that they have only to see the beautiful opera star actually in the saddle to be convinced of her capabilities on the back of a thoroughbred.

I saw her out for a canter the other day. She rides in the true race-course fashion, with short stirrups and knees well up on the horse's withers. She will take it as a compliment if I say that she looked every inch a jockey.

At the left—Huge pink-tinted poppies bedeck this smart chapeau of dark brown straw from Leon Company.

Tan Velette fashions this modish cape from the Louvre. A caracul collar tops it and tan ribbozene fringe introduces a stylish note.

At the right—A huge black paradise flaunts itself on this black haircloth turban from Maison Libby.

Sandals for the warm days. This pair from Val Richter are of sand kid and are also developed in patent leather and white Beachtex cloth.



### Canada Will Honor Two Priests' Memory

OTTAWA, Canada, April 15.—Ar-

rangements to erect a memorial cross at Port Dover to signalize the taking possession, in the name of the King of France of the lands of the Lake Erie region, by the Sulpician priests, Doller and Galigne, on March 23, 1670, have been made by the national parks commission.

These two missionaries of the Sulpician Seminary of Montreal were the first of all European peoples who wintered on Lake Erie.

### Secret Romance Brings Two Deaths

DUBUQUE, Iowa, April 15.—Two

young cousins, secretly in love, but confronted with the hopelessness of their romance because of their relationship, may explain, authorities believe, the deaths of Veronica Manders, fifteen, and her cousin, Erich, twenty-two, whose bodies were found in a field.

Members of the two families said they never knew of the love affair between the cousins.

### Sombre Hues Ousted In Favor of Colors

PARIS, April 15.

A REVOLT against the vogue of black and white which has given a somewhat sombre effect to Parisian fashions during the past few months, is in progress and springtime, I hear, will bring literally a blaze of color.

Red—flaming red—is to be the predominant color, and with it a sweeping revolution in the whole color scheme of cosmetics. Lips, cheeks, and eyebrows are to blossom out into the most vivid of hues.

There is a lot of talk, too, about the motif, which is simply a kind of medallion in brilliant colors, to which, placed somewhere below the waist line, the robe will be draped. The motif, in fact, will act as a brilliant star at which the color scheme of robes, jewels, lips, and eyes will revolve.

### Accuse Legless Man.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 15.—Clarence J. Miles, legless hobo, was under arrest here on suspicion of having robbed a jewelry store.

### Forgets Her French, But "Boys" Respond

PARIS, April 15.

I'DROPPED into the Folies Bergeres the other evening to see how things were going with M. Lemarchand's wonderful new revue, "Folles sur Folles." The place was packed.

Sparkling Jenny Golder seemed quite at home, and while I was there was doing her best to teach her audience one of her catchy little choruses. She came down into the stalls, and in quite tolerable French explained how the thing should go.

But the singing was not to her satisfaction. She got a little impatient, and, flinging her French to the winds, she burst out in her impetuous way:

"For the love o' Mike, boys, let it rip!"

You should have heard the shout. Thirty per cent of the "boys," she discovered, were English, and they "let it rip."

## PARISIANS MARVEL AT FACIAL BLOOM OF PRINCESS MARY

Her Brief Visit at French Capital Elicits Admiration for Fresh Complexion, as Natural as Her Smile—Her Wardrobe Charming Simple—Society Lights Going on Stage.

PARIS, April 15.

PRINCESS MARY'S beautiful complexion was the feature in the royal bride which most struck Parisiennes during her brief visit to Paris on her way to Florence.

I hear many remarks on her gorgeous sable cloak, on the charming simplicity of her hat; but, after all, it was the free bloom of her complexion which called forth the greatest wonder and admiration.

### Virginia Kindon's Band Box

There is so much satisfaction in knowing just where to buy the unusual, the most reasonable or the necessary article. Let Virginia Kindon relieve you of all your shopping difficulties.

'Tis Easter and the band-box is in its element with fluttering ribbons, gay flowers and the smiles that a pretty bonnet ever brings to a maiden's eye.

Now it's Easter morning and Washington is the stage and the players are the men and women on the streets of spring. Shakespeare says, "First the infant." What do the shops offer for his spring wardrobe? Dainty nainsook dresses and organdie bonnets, but his highness shows far more interest in his newly acquired rattle in the shape of a pink-eared bunny.

The old bard forgot to mention the three-year-old sister, but she was so proud of her cunning dress and bonnet that the band-box takes the liberty of adding her to the original seven ages. Describing the bonnet first, for even at the tender age of three, hats are first. It was of frilly organdie with rows of lace, and pale pink ribbon ties, pink to match the applied flowers that with bluebirds decorated the sleeveless slip of crepe-de-chine. White buckskin sandals and pink silk socks completed the youthful costume.

Omitting the school boy for Easter, or any festive day in fact, is more or less of a bore to him, the lover comes next, and the band-box is chiefly concerned about the feminine lover. When she joined the parade she wore what the shops dictated as the approved style, namely, a one-piece straight line dress of bright colors, a blue taffeta cape adorned with roses of self material, a floppy bit of blue straw trimmed with butterflies and bachelor buttons, and from her little finger dangled a tiny coin and vanity case of black enamel, daintily set with pearls and platinum. Above her courage of violets she surveyed the bright world with assured poise that accompanies a correct appearance.

"Then a soldier," and as all military men, from the midshipman here on vacation from Annapolis to the General or Admiral, do not vary with Easter dictates, our discussion must be about civilians. The shops for men show silk finished mohair in black for correct summer suits, especially for young men. As warm weather brings thoughts of straw hats, fashion decrees them to be more conservative than of former years. In brim as well as crown. Peculiar to a year when ease is a predominant note, frock coats and high silk hats are noticeably absent but every one must have a new suit, not because the old one is not good, but due to the fact "that fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

"The sixth age" is very interesting in his wife's Easter outfit, and she is a picture in her beaded georgette crepe dress, slippers of black satin, and hose with dainty drop-stitch clox; toupe hat, made entirely of the rose petals and tiny blue forget-me-nots. Her wrap is a black model, made in scalloped tiers with a snug-fitting caracul collar and she clasps her prayer book with white-gloved hands, gloves with ribbon and embroidered lined cuffs of blue. Her hat is made of round blue beads with lace rings to hold the silk cord draw-strings in place.

Just one more in "this strange, eventful history," the old man, who, clad in his conventional dark-colored suit, soft gray felt hat and gloves forgot-me-nots. Her slowly up the avenue in his old-fashioned Victoria, and sighs as he remembers the Easter days of '88, when he, too, was a part of the fascinating parade.

Virginia Kindon

Many Parisiennes would give a fortune for Princess Mary's beauty secret. The charming thing about it, of course, is that the princess has no secret. Her complexion is as natural as her smile, which in the brief time she spent in the city made many conquests.

MME. POINCARE is adding yet another to her many accomplishments. The wife of the French prime minister, I hear, is now taking singing lessons, and every week may be seen wending her way on foot, with that simplicity which marks the wives of most of France's public men, to her singing master.

She has a wonderful voice, and, while rumors of her appearance in public may be discounted, songs by Mme. Poincare will undoubtedly be a feature of many social gatherings in the near future.

WOMEN of high rank, however, are now not above appearing on the stage. One countless at least has just made her debut before the Parisian public.

She is Countess Monici, an Italian beauty of whose wonderful voice I hear many romantic stories.

Not long ago the society world of Venice was much intrigued by a beautiful voice which floated at night over the quiet, moonlit waters of the old canals. For the most part the singer sang Italian love songs full of tender passion and appeal.

A number of titled people determined one night to solve the mystery of the voice. They traced it to a gondola gliding noiselessly along the waterway.

The singer was the Countess Monici. And she is now on the stage of the Theater Potiniere.

IT is not unlikely, too, that a princess may make her appearance on the Parisian stage. She is an old favorite, however, of the public of the gay city, and at one time was popular as "Nina." Here is a strange story.

A Russian prince fell in love with her, and Nina became the princess. Then came the war and the Russian revolution. The prince was killed, and Nina was flung once more upon her own resources.

She sought to return to Paris, but a former jealous rival spread the report that Nina had been in league with the Bolsheviks, and she was denied passports. But Nina has friends in high places, and, before long, I have good reason to believe that the princess will return to her beloved Paris.

HUSBANDS have been having so bad a time at the hands of their wives with pistols just recently that Paris, by way of relief, is beginning to joke about it.

If a wife has the right to shoot her erring husband let the poor man have at least a sporting chance, it is urged, and one ingenious cartoonist suggests that all unfaithful husbands should be put into an arena, and that the aggrieved wives, provided with shot-guns, should have the privilege of shooting them as they ran from cover to cover.

Hubby, having accomplished a certain number of runs without being potted, would be held to have expiated his offense.

BEDS are being banished from the dainty flats of fair Parisiennes. Bedroom receptions, I suppose, are mainly responsible for the fact. The old-fashioned bed, with its rails top and bottom, and its cold, white sheets, is far too stiff and formal an affair for the gorgeous colors of milady's afternoon pajamas.

So the prosaic piece of furniture is vanishing, and its place is taken by the low divan.

At night it forms the fair one's couch (you must never call it a bed). In daylight hours it becomes an Oriental lounge, piled with dazling cushions, and, reclining like an Eastern princess amid its voluptuous ease, milady, smoking her little accented cigarette, receives her visitors.